

A Great Truth.
How it has spread in Michigan—Muskegon Falls in Line.
The trumpet notes of "The Little Conqueror" have sounded far and near in the triumphal march through Michigan. From the crowded city to the hamlet the echo is resounding, bringing words of hope and good cheer to thousands of sufferers. Public endorsement is its strength, and that is why success follows each advancing step. People are beginning to understand that there is no proof like home proof. Muskegon has produced several such cases as that of Mrs. Chas. Sleigh, and they like to read and know about it, for it means comfort to all. Mrs. Sleigh is a citizen of Muskegon and resides at No. 280 Lake St. She says: "I could not speak words of praise that would be strong enough to tell what I feel for Doan's Kidney Pills. My trouble seemed to be the result of a severe attack of the grip which I had about four years ago, and it developed into a genuine kidney affliction. During these years I have suffered everything. At times the misery has made me wish I were dead. My back was in a terrible condition. I had spells of such severity that the pain would force me to walk bent over for a whole week. I could not stand up straight. The flesh on my back over the kidneys was sore to the touch, the bladder became affected as well, and I have suffered with it more than tongue can tell. The urine was scanty, and at times would not come at all. There was much inflammation, causing fever and an intense burning and stinging feeling. I was feeling badly when I commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills, which I procured at Brundage's drug store. They have done great things for me. I now feel like another person. My terrible backache is better, the urine comes naturally, and my strength and nervous system are greatly improved. I shall continue taking Doan's Kidney Pills for some time yet. You can use my endorsement of them; I am glad to give it."
Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers—price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for U. S. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no other.

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THE GREAT K. AND A. TRAIN ROBBERY.

By PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

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CHAPTER VII. A CHANGE OF BASE.

We did not reach Flagstaff till 7, and I told the stageloid to take possession of their car, while I went to my own. It took me some time to get freshened up, and then I ate my breakfast, for after riding 72 miles in one night even the most heroic purposes have to take the side track. I think, as it was, I proved my devotion pretty well by not going to sleep, since I had been up three nights, with only such naps as I could steal in the saddle, and had ridden over 150 miles to boot. But I couldn't bear to think of Miss Cullen's anxiety. When I had finished eating, I went into 218.

The party were all in the dining room, but it was a very different looking crowd from the one with which that first breakfast had been eaten, and they all looked at me as I entered as if I were the executioner come for victims.

"Mr. Cullen," I said, "I've been forced to do a lot of things that weren't pleasant, but I don't want to do more than I need. You're not the ordinary kind of road agents, and as I presume your address is known, I don't see any need of arresting one of our own directors as yet. All I ask is that you give me your word for the party that none of you will try to leave the country."

"Certainly, Mr. Gordon," he responded. "And I thank you for your great consideration."

"I shall have to report the case to our president, and I suppose to the postmaster general, but I shan't hurry about either. What they will do I can't say."

Probably you know how far you can keep them quiet."

"I think the local authorities are all I have to fear, provided time is given me."

"I have dismissed the sheriff and his posse, and I gave them \$100 for their work and three bottles of pretty good whisky I had on my car. Unless they get orders from elsewhere, you will not hear any further from them."

"You must let me reimburse what expense we have put you to, Mr. Gordon. I only wish I could as easily repay your kindness."

Nodding my head in assent as well as in recognition of his thanks, I continued, "It was my duty as an official of the K. & A. to recover the stolen mail, and I had to do it."

"We understand that," said Mr. Cullen, "and do not for a moment blame you."

"But," I went on, for the first time looking at Madge, "it is not my duty to take part in a contest for control of the K. & A., and I shall therefore act in this case as I should in any other loss of mail."

"And that is"—asked Frederic.
"I am about to telegraph for instructions from Washington," I said. "As the G. S. has tied up some of your proxies, they ought not to object if we do the same, and I think I can manage so that Uncle Sam will prevent those proxies from being voted at Ash Forks on Friday."

If a galvanic battery had been applied to the breakfast table, it wouldn't have made a bigger change. Madge clapped her hands in joy. Mr. Cullen said "God bless you!" with real feeling. Frederic jumped up and slapped me on the shoulder, crying, "Gordon, you're the biggest old trump breathing," while Albert and the captain shook hands with each other in evident jubilation. Only Lord Raltes remained passive.

"Have you breakfasted?" asked Mr. Cullen when the first joy was over.

"Yes," I said. "I only stopped in on my way to the station to telegraph."

"May I come with you and see what you say?" cried Fred, jumping up.

I nodded, and Miss Cullen said questioningly, "Me too?" making me very happy by the question, for it showed that she would speak to me. In a moment we were all walking toward the platform. Despite Lord Raltes, I felt happy, and especially as I had not dreamed that she would ever forgive me.

I took a telegraph blank, and, putting it so that Miss Cullen could see what I said, wrote:

Postmaster General, Washington:
I hold, awaiting your instructions, the three registered letters stolen from No. 2 Overland Missouri Western express on Monday, Oct. 11, loss of which has already been notified you.

Then I paused and said: "So far, that's routine, Miss Cullen. Now comes the help for you." And I continued:

The letters may have been tampered with, and I recommend a special agent. Reply Flagstaff, Arizona.
Superintendent K. and A. R. R.

"What will that do?" she asked.

"I'm not much at prophecy, and we'll wait for the reply," I said.

All that day we lay at Flagstaff, and after a good sleep, as there was no use keeping the party cooped up in their car, I dragged up some ponies and took the Cullens and Ackland over to the Indian cliff dwellings. I don't think Lord Raltes gained anything by staying behind in a sulks, for it was a very jolly ride, or at least that was what it was to me. I had to tell them all how I had settled on them as the criminals. To hear Miss Cullen talk one would have inferred I was the greatest of living detectives.

"The mistake we made," she said, "was not securing Mr. Gordon's help to begin with, for then we should never have needed to hold the train up, or, if we had, we should never have been discovered."

What was more to me than this ill deserved admiration were two things she said on the way back when we two had paired off and were a bit behind the rest.

"The sandwiches and the whisky were very good," she told me. "And I'm so grateful for the trouble you took."

"It was a pleasure," I said.
"And, Mr. Gordon," she continued, and then hesitated for a moment, "my—Frederic told me that you—you said you honored me for"—

"Go," I exclaimed energetically as she panted and colored.

"Do you really?" she cried. "I thought Fred was only trying to make me less unhappy by saying that you did."

"I said it, and I meant it," I told her.

"I have been so miserable over that lie," she went on, "but I thought if I let you have the letters it would ruin papa. I really wouldn't mind poverty myself, Mr. Gordon, but he takes such pride in success that I couldn't be the one to do it. I ought to have known you would help us."

I thought this a pretty good time to make a real apology for my conduct on the trail as well as to tell her how sorry I was at not having been able to repay her bag better. She accepted my apology very sweetly and assured me her belongings had been put away so neatly that she had wondered who did it. I knew she only said this out of kindness and told her so, telling also of my struggles over that pink beribboned and belated affair in a way which made her laugh. I had thought it was a ball gown and wondered at her taking it to the canyon, but she explained that it was a dressing sack. That made me open my eyes, thinking that anything so pretty could be used for the same purposes for which I use my crash bath gown, and, while my eyes were open, I saw the folly of thinking that a girl who wore such things could ever get along on my salary.

In that way the incident was a good lesson for me, for it made me feel that even if there had been no Lord Raltes I still should have had no chance.

On our return to the cars there was a telegram from the postmaster general awaiting me. After a glance at it, as the rest of the party looked anxiously on, I passed it over to Miss Cullen, for I wanted her to have the triumph of reading it aloud. It said:

Hold letters pending arrival of Special Agent Jackson, due in Flagstaff Oct. 23.

"The election is the 18th," Frederic laughed, executing a war dance on the platform. "The G. S.'s dough is cooked."

"I must wait with some one," cried Madge, and before I could offer she took hold of Albert and the two were whirling about, much to my envy. The Cullens were about the most jubilant road agents I had ever seen.

After consultation with Mr. Cullen, we had 218 and 97 attached to No. 1 when it arrived and started for Ash Forks. He wanted to be on the ground a day in advance, and I could easily be back in Flagstaff before the arrival of the special agent.

I took dinner in 218, and they toasted me as if I had done something heroic instead of merely having sent a telegram.

"Then it is better to keep it a secret?" she asked anxiously.

"I suppose so," I said, and then added, "Why should you be afraid of asking your father?"

"Because he might—well, if he knew, I'm sure he would sacrifice himself, and I couldn't run the risk."

"I am afraid I don't understand?" I questioned.

"I would rather not explain," she said, and of course that ended the subject.

Our exercise taken, we went back to the Cullens' car and Madge left us to write some letters. A moment later Lord Raltes remembered he had not written home recently, and he, too, went forward to the dining room. That made me call myself—something, for not having offered Miss Cullen the use of my desk in 97. Owing to this the two missed part of the big game we were playing, for barely were they gone when one of the servants brought a card to Mr. Cullen, who looked at it and exclaimed, "Mr. Camp!" Then, after a speaking pause, in which we all exchanged glances, he said, "Bring him in."

On Mr. Camp's entrance he looked as much surprised as we had all done a moment before. "I beg your pardon for intruding, Mr. Cullen," he said. "I was told that this was Mr. Gordon's car, and I wish to see him."

"I am Mr. Gordon."

"You are traveling with Mr. Cullen?" he inquired, with a touch of suspicion in his manner.

"No," I answered. "My special is the next car, and I was merely enjoying a cigar here."

"Ah!" said Mr. Camp. "Then I won't interrupt your smoke, and will only relieve you of those letters of mine."

I took a good pull at my cigar and blew the smoke out in a cloud slowly to gain time. "I don't think I follow you," I said.

"I understand that you have in your possession three letters addressed to me."

"Then I will ask you to deliver them to me."

"I can't do that."

"Why not?" he challenged. "They're my property."

I produced the postmaster general's telegram and read it to him.

"Why, this is infamous!" Mr. Camp cried. "What use will those letters be after the 20th? It's a conspiracy."

"I can only obey instructions," I said.

"It shall cost you your position if you do," Mr. Camp threatened.

As I've already said, I haven't a good temper, and when he told me that I couldn't help retorting:

"That's quite on a par with most G. S. methods."

"I'm not speaking for the G. S., young man," said Mr. Camp. "I speak as a director of the Kansas and Arizona. What is more, I will have those letters inside of 24 hours."

He made an angry exit, and I took to Fred: "I wish you would stand up to him."

"I will," I said.

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car and went back to work. Fred came in presently to see if I was up yet and to ask me to lunch, but I felt so miserable and downhearted that I made an excuse of my late breakfast for not joining them.

After luncheon the party in the other special all came out and walked up and down the platform, the sound of their voices and laughter only making me feel the bluer. Before long I heard a rap on one of my windows, and there was Miss Cullen peering in at me. The moment I looked up she called:

"Won't you make one of us, Mr. Misanthrope?"

I called myself all sorts of a fool, but out I went as eagerly as if there had been some hope. Miss Cullen began to tease me over my sudden access of energy, declaring that she was sure it was a pose for their benefit, or else due to a guilty conscience over having slept so late.

"I hoped you would ride with us, though perhaps it wouldn't have paid you. Apparently there is nothing to see in Ash Forks."

"There is something that may interest you all," I said, pointing to a special that had been dropped off No. 2 that morning.

"What is it?" asked Madge.

"It's a G. S. special," I said, "and Mr. Camp and Mr. Baldwin and two G. S. officials came in on it."

"What do you think he'd give for those letters?" laughed Fred.

"If they were worth so much to you, I suppose they can't be worth any less to the G. S.," I replied.

"Fortunately there is no way that he can learn where they are," said Mr. Cullen.

"Don't let's stand still," cried Miss Cullen. "Mr. Gordon, I'll run you a race to the end of the platform." She said this only after getting a big lead, and she got there about eight inches ahead of me, which pleased her mightily. "It takes men so long to get started."

"That was the way she explained her victory. Then she walked me beyond the end of the boarding to explain the workings of a switch to her. That it was only a pretext she proved to me the moment I had relocked the bar by saying:

"Mr. Gordon, may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," I assented.

"It is one I should ask papa or Fred, but I am afraid they might not tell me the truth. You will, won't you?" she begged very earnestly.

"I will," I said.

"Supposing," she continued, "that it became known that you have those letters? Would it do our side any harm?"

I thought for a moment and then shook my head. "No new proxies could arrive here in time for the election," I said, "and the ones I have will not be voted."

She still looked doubtful and asked, "Then why did papa say just now, 'Fortunately'?"

"He merely meant that it was safer they shouldn't know."

"Then it is better to keep it a secret?" she asked anxiously.

"I suppose so," I said, and then added, "Why should you be afraid of asking your father?"

"Because he might—well, if he knew, I'm sure he would sacrifice himself, and I couldn't run the risk."

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and spy out the proceedings of the enemy's camp. He may telegraph to Washington, and if there's any chance of the postmaster general revoking his order I must go back to Flagstaff on No. 4 this afternoon."

"He shan't do anything that I don't know about till he goes to bed," Fred promised. "But how the deuce did he know that you had those letters?"

That was just what we were all puzzling over, for only the occupants of No. 218 and myself, so far as I knew, were in a position to let Mr. Camp hear of that fact.

As Fred made his exit he said, "Don't tell Madge that there is a new complication, for the dear girl has had worries enough already."

Miss Cullen not rejoicing us, and Lord Raltes presently doing so, I went to my own car, for he and I were not good furniture for the same room. Before I had been there long Fred came rushing in.

"Camp and Baldwin have been in consultation with a lawyer," he said, "and now the three have just boarded those cars," pointing out the window at the branch line train that was to leave for Phenix in two minutes.

"You must go with them," I urged, "and keep us informed as to what they do, for they evidently are going to set the law on us, and the G. S. has always owned the territorial judges, so they'll stretch a point to oblige them."

"Have I time to fill a bag?"

"Plenty," I answered him, and, going out, I ordered the train held till I should give the word.

"What does it all mean?" asked Miss Cullen, joining me.

I laughed and replied, "I'm holding up a train all by my lonesome."

"But my brother came dashing in just now and said he was starting for Phenix."

"Let her go," I called to the conductor, as Fred jumped aboard, and the train pulled out.

"I hope there's nothing wrong?" Madge questioned anxiously.

"Nothing to worry over," I laughed. "Only a little more fun for our money. By the way, Miss Cullen," I went on, to avoid her questions, "if you have your letters ready and will let me have them at once, I can get them on No. 4."

Miss Cullen blushed as if I had said something I ought not to have said and stammered, "I—I didn't write them, after all."

"I beg your pardon," I said, thinking what a dunce I had been not to understand that the letters of both herself and Lord Raltes had been only a pretext to get away from the rest of us.

My apology and evident embarrassment deepened Miss Cullen's blush fivefold, and she said hurriedly, "I found I was tired, and so, instead of writing, I went to my room and rested."

I suppose any girl would have invented the same yarn, yet it hurt me more than the bigger one she had told on Hance's trail. Small as the incident was, it made me very blue and led me to shut myself up in my own car for the rest of that afternoon and evening.

Indeed, I couldn't sleep, but sat up working, quite forgetful of the passing hours, till a glance at my watch startled me with the fact that it was a quarter of 2. Feeling like anything more than sleep, I went out on the platform, and, lighting a cigar, paced up and down, thinking of—well, thinking.

The night agent was sitting in the station, nodding, and after I had walked for an hour I went in to ask him if the train to Phenix had arrived on time. As I opened the door, the telegraph instrument began clicking and called Ash Forks. The man, with the curious ability that operators get of recognizing their own call, even in sleep, waked up instantly and responded, and, not wishing to interrupt him, I delayed asking my question till he should be free. I stood there thinking of Madge, and listening heedlessly as the instrument ticked off the cipher signature of the sending operator, and the "24 paid."

But as I heard the clicks . . . which meant ph, I suddenly became attentive, and when it completed Phenix I concluded Fred was wiring me and listened for what followed the date. This is what the instrument ticked:

Are you tired and overworked? Have you the languid feeling with loss of ambition? Have you sleepless nights? Are you tired in the morning? Have you been indiscreet? Have you Emotions, Loss of Memory, Variability, Nervousness, Kidney, Bladder or Stomach Troubles, and Loss of Appetite? Have you pain in the back, sediment of strings in the urine? If so, call on us for free consultation.

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